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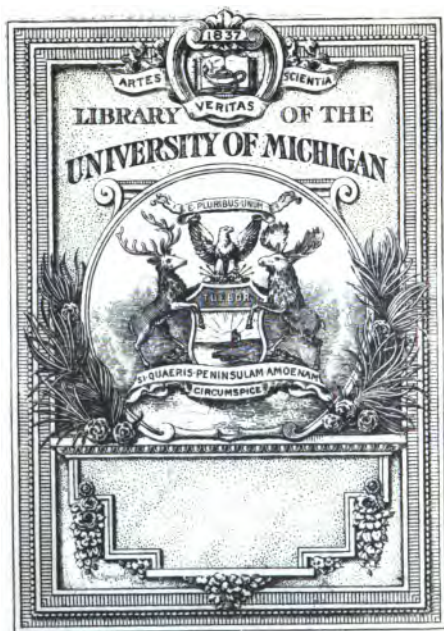
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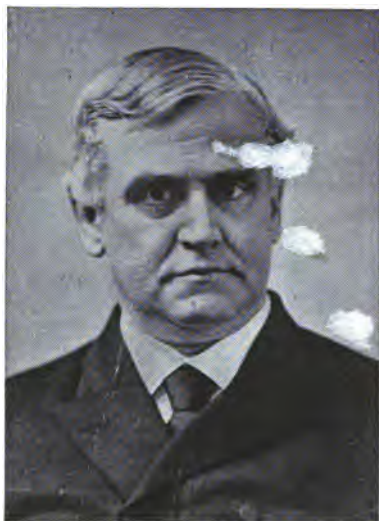
REV. ARTHUR BROOKS, D.D.

WITH PORTRAITS



NEW YORK
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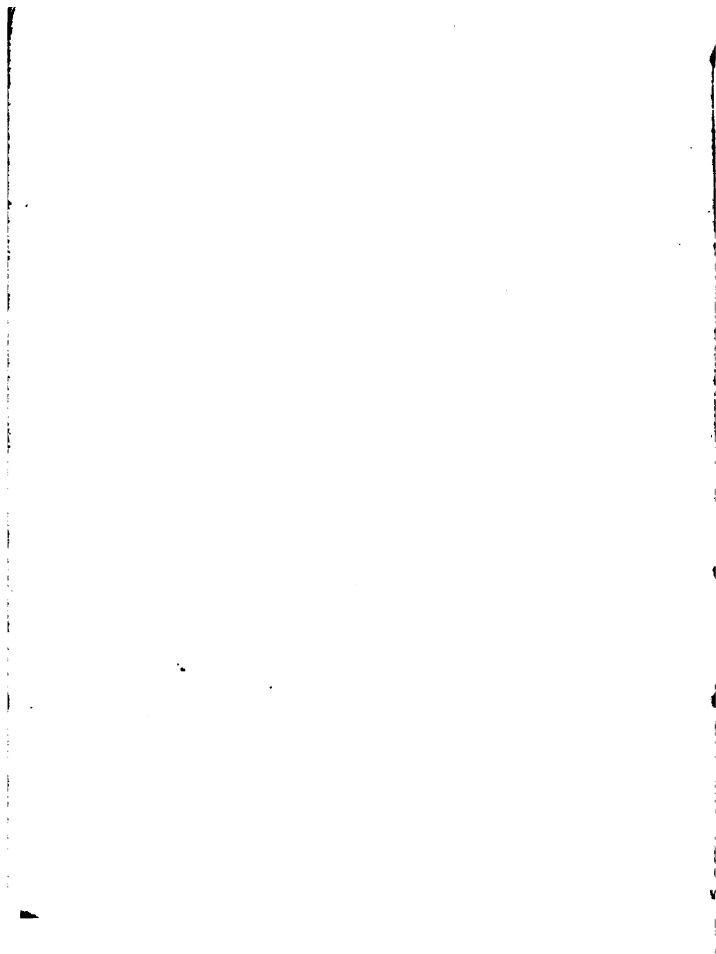
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NOTE

SHORTLY after the death of Bishop Brooks a memorial sermon was preached by his brother in the Church of the Incarnation, New York City. With few additions and changes it retains its form in the present publication as a tribute to one who delighted to be known as a preacher of the Gospel to the generation to which he belonged.

MAY 1, 1893.

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I

*"Behold what manner of love the Father
hath bestowed upon us that we should be called
the sons of God !"*

THESE words express very fully the spirit of the life of Phillips Brooks. They tell of the greatness of man as identical with the love of God. They are full of joy and of hope; they convey to our hearts, as we hear and read them, the same buoyancy and sense of power which filled all hearts whenever this child and servant of God came among them. God the Father loving all men, man the child getting near to his Father, those were the thoughts that formed his being, and inspired his tongue, and crowned with glory his life and his death.

We understand to-day very clearly the importance of heritage and training in the formation of any life. Such a thought appeals to our constant endeavor to trace the development of effect from cause. We have not far to look for clear ideas on this point in regard to Phillips Brooks, if the facts are well understood, as has not always been the case. Descended through a long line of Congregational ministers, with Puritan blood and traditions constituting the very essence of his heritage, he was born at a time when the stern dogmatic faith had received a staggering blow in the development of Unitarianism in its central citadel. Devout souls, which had been brought up with the thought of the supremacy of Christ, felt themselves, under the influence of the new Unitarian teaching, thrown back upon the internal

evidence of their personal love to Him. Holding still, in a greater or less degree, and with more or less precision, to old statements, they counted the great fact which those statements enshrined more precious and evident than ever. And in that atmosphere of personal devotion to a loving Saviour and of dependence upon Him, Phillips Brooks lived and grew as a child. (That love to Christ which glowed in his words and flashed in his eye was caught from a mother's lips, and was read with boyish eyes as the central power of a mother's soul and life.) I may not say more, nor lift any farther the veil which separates a holy of holies, into which we loved to enter with an awe which we could not understand. I cannot say less, lest I should take from young mothers to-day the en-

couragement, the hope, and the incentive which they have a right to claim from the story of this great life. No revolt from influences under which he had been trained, no memory of controversial theology, could have been the power of that sweet and easy belief in Christ as the personal Saviour, any more than the fires of Vesuvius can be turned to warm the domestic hearth. But the positive love for Christ in the midst of a community where the right of contrary and conflicting statements was fully allowed and abundantly used, accounts for the clear and warm statements of the Christian faith by which the world has been made better.

Baptized by a Unitarian minister, who, in obedience to the command of Christ, used all that the Church catechism de-

clares to be the outward visible sign or form in baptism, (Phillips Brooks received all his early training in the Episcopal Church. The circumstances could not have been happier. Dr. Alexander Vinton became rector of St. Paul's Church in Boston when Phillips Brooks was seven years old, and how much his ministry of seventeen years did to form the life of the growing boy no one can doubt who has read his eloquent and wise description of that ministry.) A man largely in sympathy with the dogmatic position of New England theology, loving the Episcopal Church, and presenting its claims on the largest possible grounds, of magnificent presence and with wonderfully impressive powers as a preacher, massively logical and argumentative, with a wide knowledge of nature, a deep

sympathy with men, and a burning love for Christ, Dr. Vinton was precisely suited to mediate between Congregationalism and Episcopacy to the father and the mother, and to impress, to train, and to lead with no slavish adherence, the boy who heard him Sunday after Sunday, and looked up to him with awe in the street and in the home. (Boston was a city neither too large nor too small, with neither flaunting wealth nor abject poverty; in its public schools, where he was educated, boys of all classes, from sturdy, sober, religious-minded families, sat side by side. The large intellectual blessings of city life without its frivolities or foolish conventionalities found their place in the life of the household to which he belonged. Parents whose praise, because of this great son, is in the churches to-day,

earned it by self-denial and the subordination of all interests and ambitions to the training and education of a family of boys. Picture the earnest-minded, large-eyed boy, with a simplicity and earnestness which were with him to the end, amid such surroundings, and you will see how on every side his life was trained, how God and humanity, not separate, but one, ministered to the drawing out of every faculty. Make all you will and can of the man (you never can make too much), but do not forget the atmosphere and soil in which he grew, for it is to that that fathers, mothers, pewholders, vestrymen, citizens, are contributing every day. The family, the church, the city, care for those, and need we doubt what our boys will be?

And then came college at Cambridge,

not tearing from the family soil, but with that privilege which has ever belonged to the Boston boy, and for which I have so often longed for the New York boy, the ability to be in college during the week and at home on Sunday, like a bird that tries its wings and settles back into the nest between anxious parents to make ready for the next flight. (It was a college life which stimulated thought. James Walker, with all the devoutness of the old days, but belonging to the new, inquiring, doubting age, was the president of Harvard College. Felton, Agassiz, Longfellow, Lowell, were in their prime in the college. Emerson was giving his message of spiritual manhood to America and the world. Tennyson had published "In Memoriam" two years before, and his words were on the lips of all young

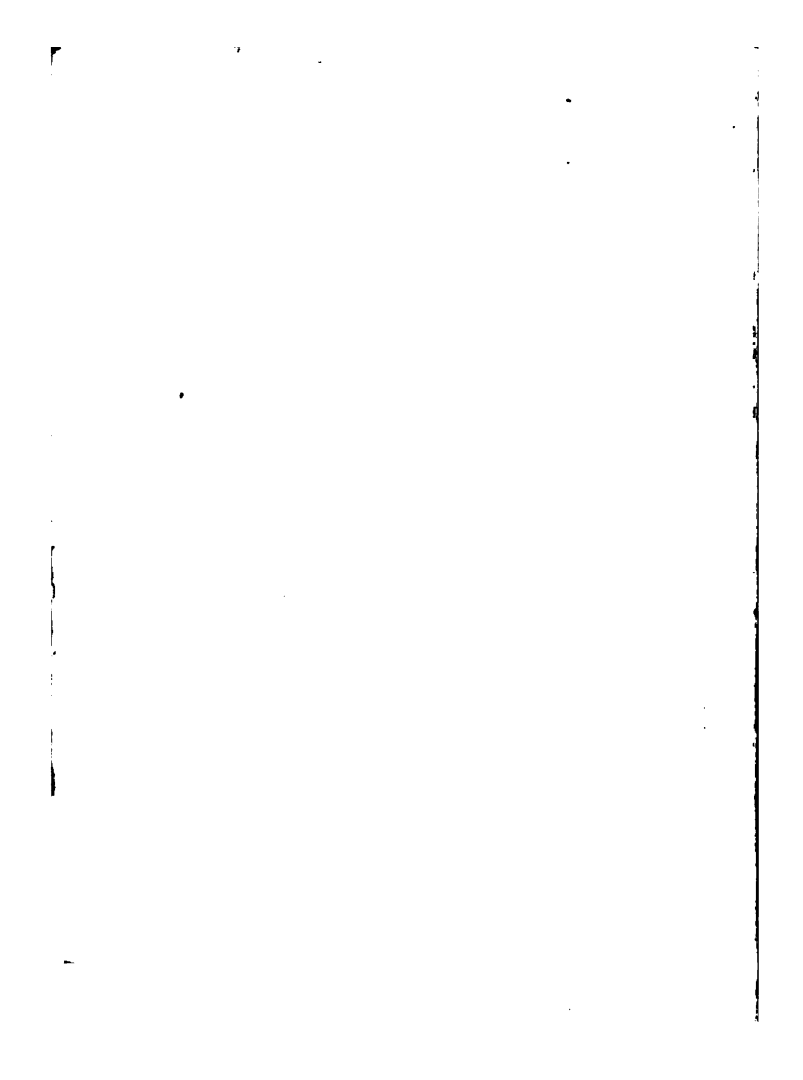


men.) Phillips Brooks felt and used such influences of the larger life which was dawning, but he was not confused or blinded by them. That combination of faith in the past and in the present, which we have loved ever since, was there then. The past was not to overshadow the future, nor was it to be swept away. He was the student of high rank, and yet the popular classmate and friend, everywhere sought and loved, as we have known him since and for the same reasons. His power was recognized, his literary ability was rewarded, his geniality and largeness of spirit were loved. Young men who know college life will best understand how much such peculiar combinations of success mean in regard to the character which is able to reach them.

II

Perhaps we do not expect such men to choose the ministry as their life work, and particularly one who had not been confirmed before his graduation from college. There was nothing in his speech or manner to retell the eloquent preacher. A mother's prayers had indeed consecrated him years before to that which was to be his great life work, but a mother's wisdom refused to interfere with the mystery of a growing life which had reached its power of decision, and belonged to God, its great Father. I may leave untouched the story of consultation with the president of the college, and of his advice that he should not think of entering the ministry, for which I know





no authority. But I may speak of the crude misconceptions and narrow representations of classmates, to whom such a selection of a profession, in their youthful ignorance, seemed the narrowing of all the possibilities for a great life. The resistance of such influences, the ability to see the greatness of what he had not yet experienced, the ready and joyful obedience to duty which, while it went contrary to the opinions of those with whom he was associated, severed no tie of friendship, and lessened no whit the admiration for him, are so characteristic of all his future career, that young men can lay hold of that focal moment in his life and say, here is where his life was like mine, and where he acted as I should like to act. The love which he gave to and received from young men in after-life seems

to find its best reason and expression in that moment when he, without any pretension of self-sacrifice, simply and naturally followed a path which his larger sight made him understand better than those whose views were bounded by the immediate present of youthful feeling.

— Never did a young man enter the theological seminary with less knowledge of the details of ecclesiastical and theological issues than that which Phillips Brooks carried to the seminary at Alexandria in Virginia. I can refer to the life which he led there, and to which he always looked back with loving remembrance, and in which his fellowship was close and warm with men who have since become prominent in every department of the Church's life, only to note again that breadth and insight with which,

as he seized the new, he never lost the old, but only felt its richness and value more deeply than ever. The culture which he had gained at Harvard, the scholarly habits, the large appreciation, all were brought to bear upon the new studies. He was the champion of faithful study, as the only method for true piety in connection with the search for truth. He himself has told us of the surprise with which he found men powerful in the prayer-meeting neglectful of the duties of the class-room. He loved the seminary's atmosphere of warm religion and practical piety, but when asked to lecture he chose as his subject, "A few words about Poetry." In his accounts of those seminary days he always dwelt upon what he represented as his failures in extemporaneous address, and his

vague, unpractical sermons. His contemporaries have delighted, both before and after his death, to recall his quick apprehension of the spiritual meaning of the words of Scripture, his ready expression, and his clear statement, as containing the promise of all that followed in his life. It is not necessary to distrust either of the pictures, nor to ascribe the one to undue modesty nor the other to over-appreciation. The dissatisfaction with his work, and the eagerness to press on to something better and more complete, while all the time men were praising what he had done, was always a recognized feature of his power. It is not strange that he, who always believed in progress as the mark of true life, recognized amid the crudities and imperfections of youth how greatly his nature de-

manded new and better things, and while he valued the appreciation of others, thought more of the promise which it contained than of the pleasure which it gave.

We cannot be surprised at the enthusiasm with which such a man entered on the delightful duties of parochial life, which he never ceased to love. The man felt the nearness to men, which he had always loved, to be the burden of every day's experiences, and it was his privilege to help others to that same nearness to their brethren by preaching to them the love of God. It was no wonder that the sermons glowed with the new enthusiasm, and brought out all the powers of the well-stored, the well-trained, and the marvellous mind. Once more the move forward was no passage into a new room with a closed door behind; it was a removal of

a barrier, so that the old religious training, the literary and scholastic thought, the theological and ecclesiastical knowledge, flowed into that richer experience of contact with men, women, and children on the deepest side of their lives. It was something which the experience of the boy and student had never had, but which it had been gradually anticipating, and into which it passed as easily as the air of two contiguous countries blends, without any regard to State and sectional divisions. Stories of that early ministry, true and apocryphal, as with artistic terms we might call them impressionist and realistic stories, based upon sentiment and upon fact, are afloat, and it is useless to try to sift them. They have one source, and live by one life, the profound conviction among all who knew him of his

intense sympathy with all men, and of his desire to help them in every way with the love of God, which was his best possession.

He has called Philadelphia "the temperate zone of religious life," and in its atmosphere of large and generous philanthropy his growth was quick and vigorous. He even retained his first love for the city, and his friends of those early years were among his warmest and closest at his death. The hearty welcome, quick appreciation and enthusiastic admiration and support which they gave him as his ministry opened were ever fresh in his heart and mind, and his visits to the city were a constant joy to the end of his life, and all its interests were dear to him.

III

It is at this point, at the opening of his work of preaching, that I can best speak of his great sermons, for they never changed their character. Their knowledge widened, their poetry grew richer and warmer, their thought became maturer, their range of topics increased—they felt all those great expanding influences which he was ever anticipating and utilizing; but the breath that he drew as a child differed no less from that which was his as a mature man than did the sermons which he preached in the little Church of the Advent in Philadelphia vary from those in Trinity Church, Boston, and in Westminster Abbey. (Jesus Christ the revelation of God was the

centre of them all. To him all humanity and every man was complete in Christ, and therefore it was that no man could feel himself a stranger under such preaching, or go away, as he himself pathetically describes it, and say, "There is nothing for me to-day." Whatever the topic, all felt that the sermon belonged to them, because the theme was mankind and manhood in Christ.) Every grace, every human power, must minister to such sermons, because to their great subject all human powers belonged. Tennyson did not surpass him in carefulness of work and richness of decoration, because everything must be rightly given to Him from whom it came, and no jewel was too valuable for the glory of the great King. And yet the King of saints and His glory so shone through all the beauty

that men never thought of the poetry and splendor of form which belonged to the message, because their hearts were held by the message itself. Men came to criticise, and to see whether familiar words and phrases were used, and they soon forgot to listen for such expressions, as the thing itself, love of God, supremacy of Christ, the power of the Spirit, for which those valued phrases stood, took possession of their hearts as never before. Men who from different training or inferior spiritual power could not follow him in all his doctrinal positions, yet claimed assistance in all their best effort, and felt his fellowship in every word which he spake, because of his central theme. Old truths suddenly were brought into living connection with their source in God's love, and received new light and power. Specific topics of

reform or of public interest were seldom touched, and all the material for sensational interest was deliberately and persistently abandoned. And yet every sermon seemed to fit the spirit of the hour, to throw new light upon living issues, and to assist in meeting the sins and temptations of the present day, because the life of the day was the most immediate and pressing part of that life of the world which in Christ he loved to preach. The theory of that preaching, as far as so living a thing could be systematized and analyzed, he has given to the world in his lectures on Preaching, delivered at Yale College in 1877, at about the middle point of his career, and embodying for the benefit of future generations of clergymen and congregations the results of his best thought and practice. From them those who have

never known him personally will catch something of the divine sunlight which flooded every corner of his being, and will best learn the laws of the workshop where were wrought out those sermons which will live in the literature of the language and the hearts of men forever.

I had to speak of the sermons first as I came to the career of that happy life, for preaching was its joy, and, to his mind, to preach the Word was the glory and crown of the minister's life; no other activity ever could crowd it out. "As ye go, preach, saying, the kingdom of Heaven is at hand," was the apostolic commission, which grew ever dearer and dearer to him from the first days of ordination until his earthly lips were closed forever. But the beginning of his residence in Philadelphia brings other aspects of his

life to sight which were closely connected with his great work of preaching, and, like it, never changed, but only enlarged as the years went on. When, in 1861, two years after his ordination to the ministry, he left the Church of the Advent to become the rector of the Church of the Holy Trinity in the same city, the war had begun, and into all that concerned its origin, its prosecution, and its results he threw himself with all his heart. The sin of slavery and the duty of patriotism he preached with all his strength and power. The glory of his country free, united, victorious, growing, meant, to his mind, the latest word of God to this world, and the one in which it was his wondrous privilege to have a share. His life was one constant opposition to all that tended to obscure the

ideal of the nation's existence. Slavery, oppression, narrowness, selfishness—those, wherever and whenever they showed themselves, found him ready to utter his word and to stir men's hearts against them. Freedom, education, enfranchisement, philanthropy, charity—those always claimed and received his immediate and ready sympathy. The breadth of his interest was unlimited. While others elaborated details, it was for him to make their hearts warm and their arms strong to work, by encouragement and sympathy. He never dissipated his strength in attempts to do all things; he never narrowed his sympathy so that his strength was not available for those in any work who desired and who merited his assistance. He caught with his clear mind, stronger every day to seize the natural and com-

mon-sense features of each position, at the central point of all new movements, and gave to them according to that decision his support or his opposition. He never expected any movement to be free from human imperfection, but he did trust to the divine life which was at the centre of every good movement to shake it free finally from all that corrupted, as the life of the seed shakes off the enfolding vesture and pushes away from the darkness of the earth into the glory of the flower. It was his mission, time and time again, standing outside of movements, strange, distrusted, distorted, often to help them to recognize what was best in themselves, to distinguish between essentials and non-essentials, and by kindly encouragement to draw them into closer affiliation with that great stream of life which under

God's guidance has flowed onward from the beginning, and in whose power and beauty he so greatly delighted.

Here was the secret of that union of clear decision and definite thought with large tolerance which has been so incomprehensible to many. He refused to be discouraged or to be alienated by passing features of any work whose spirit he believed to be right. His taste was pure, his criticism searching and minute; his helpful appreciation lay behind them both. The crudities of a new land he felt keenly, and the mistakes of new movements none saw more clearly, but always to be in the front was better than to be behind. So, to a mind that felt the poetry of old associations, the life of England, which from his earlier to his later days received him with love and honor,

was very close and dear; and to wander from city to city on the continent of Europe was his delight and his recreation. With the same full appreciation of their meaning and power he viewed the religions of Asia, and that which they had accomplished for the peoples to whom they were given. But with regard to the supremacy and the missionary power of Christianity in its contact with other religions, and on the subject of the advance of the Protestant Episcopal Church of America beyond its mother, the Church of England, in largeness of opportunity, method, and privilege, there never was a doubt in his mind. He felt the beauty of the old; he gloried in the greatness and the progress of the new. He neither longed to see old countries imitate us nor claimed that we should imitate them.

No insistent Americanism was showed by him when there; no foolish Anglicanism was introduced by him when here. For it was the life of God in all its strength and glory which he felt in both lands, but which he loved most of all as he saw it in all the freshness of a new day in his own country. The mingling of all religious influences here, the equality with which all denominations met in our country, the ability of every one of those denominations to gain help and to learn lessons from all the others—these, to his mind, constituted the grandest opportunity for the Church of his love to grow in thought and in comprehension, gaining larger and better modes of life than ever had belonged to it in any age.

And here again, as we reach the subject of religious thought, we can go back to

those first Philadelphia days. For the collection of papers called *Essays and Reviews*, which perhaps a present generation does not know even by name, was published in England the year after he entered upon his first parish, and in the estimate of the meaning and development of the new movement which that book embodied and popularized none too wisely we see the difference between him and the generation of clergymen whom he venerated in the person of Dr. Vinton, and who were to give over their leadership to him and his friends as they passed away. From the beginning to the end, from 1860 to 1893, the Broad-Church movement meant to him a closer relation between God and man. He saw and deprecated its dangers of mere intellectualism, he recognized the chances of one-

sided statement and thought which new aspects of truth must ever involve, he steadily exalted spiritual power as material force seemed to be unduly dwelt upon; but he never feared for the ultimate result. He entered into every new development of thought and of research. Theological movement, Biblical criticism, Scripture revision, he gloried in them all, and loved to defend and to expound them, and often to give to the very leaders in them a larger and richer idea of what they were accomplishing. Truth to him was beautiful and sacred. It must be sought and it must be obeyed in every realm; and where such was the case God and man would always come nearer to each other. And never was the thought possible to him that the obedience and love of the mind militated against the

obedience and love of the heart. Man to him was a living son of God who could not thus be parcelled out into different activities. And therefore the Evangelical found in this Broad-Churchman the fire of love to his Saviour burning as high as he had ever known it in the days which had preceded, and its warmth dispelled all cold distrust. At the time of the consecration of Trinity Church, Boston, it was the sermon of Phillips Brooks, and not of Dr. Vinton, that Dr. Tyng glowed over, and said that he could best understand. This man yearned to bring to his Master every particle of true thought and love, no matter where it appeared. He saw the divine mark upon it, and the more unpromising its surroundings, the more he rejoiced to acknowledge its presence. He held and

called back to the truth as it is in Jesus men who had been repelled and frightened by it as they found it in doctrinal statements. He talked or wrote to those who were troubled, and as they saw the power of some great doctrine, whose form before had hid it from them, they began to feel that they could not help accepting what before they could not help rejecting. He made no new school of thought, but, better still, he showed how two schools of thought which feared and dreaded each other, the Evangelical and the Broad Churchman, belonged together in their conviction of the duty of each man to find the truth and to follow it as a child of God. Whatever interfered with that process he dreaded. The life of the past, the word of authority, the Church's forms and dogmas, must help but never must

stop that burning passion of each man to find his own place close to the heart of his Father God, through Jesus Christ our Lord. All activities, all processes of thought, were God's great gift for that purpose, and to them with eagerness and sympathetic love his heart went out, and his best intellectual power and spiritual energy were given.

(I cannot follow into detail that power of personal contact and assistance to which allusion has been made incidentally. It is written in the consciousness of thousands of men and women who delight to think of Phillips Brooks as their friend, just as the summer's sunbeams lie in the ruddy fruit of harvest. It was a power which shared in the growth and development of his life, it was one which he loved to exercise, and yet which with

the most delicate taste he carefully guarded from the danger of undue familiarity and of false expression of friendship. It came from and ever fastened itself more deeply in the conviction of the divine life that belonged to all men. He wrote many letters, few of them long, all of them models of true feeling and expression. One luminous phrase would depict a situation or express a judgment on the deepest of subjects, and the purpose of the letter was answered; one word or sentence unfolded a warm and sympathetic feeling which made the man who received it place the letter among his rarest treasures, and ever feel strong and bright afterward with the thought that such a soul had once said, you are my friend. In personal interviews he seemed to lend to others the instruments of his clear intel-

ligence, quick apprehension, and spiritual discernment to use upon their difficulties of thought or action, and men often wondered whence the help had come as, after talking with him, their lives lay before them no longer knotted, but running clear and straight on into the future. The royal power that recognized the pulpit as its throne never lost its crown as it came down to walk among its brethren in the loving and helpful intercourse of daily life.

IV

In the ministry of twenty-one years in Boston, from 1869 to 1891, all the great features of this life were known and recognized. He loved the city as his birth-place, and as a centre from which streams of noble thought and strenuous action had flowed throughout the land for two centuries. He gloried in its prominence and fame, and he felt that personal attachment to it which belongs to all who have been born in the midst of its deep and earnest life. Harvard College gave, as his own Alma Mater, a ready field for that combination of loyalty, of tender reminiscence of the past, of eager anticipation of the future, of scholarly taste, of love for young men, which marked his life at every stage.

The call to so favored a field of action as preacher to the university, attractive as it seemed to his mind for a moment, could not divert him from the Church which he loved and the parish ministry in which he delighted. Circumstances at once made possible and necessary the enshrining of his ministry in a church building which in its conception and its details was worthy of the high purpose and aim which his preaching embodied. (In many respects Trinity Church became the most notable building in America. And the fact that it was so brought to light another feature of the many-sided character of its rector, its power of comprehension and combination. Without detailed knowledge of art, he was the one who made the church building what it was. His was the power to enlist the enthusiasm and liberality

which were necessary in order to erect such a building, his was the choice of architect and artist, his was the unerring taste which passed upon all propositions, his was the inspiration of beauty which guided and encouraged the genius of the great artists whom he had selected. That power of holding all things in combination which marked all his life was well illustrated in the building of Trinity Church.) Everything, if we except the power of musical composition and expression, seemed to render up its force and meaning to him, if not its secrets. It is this fact which accounts for his ability to lead a large and varied life without fatigue. He needed not to go through details in order to get at the spirit of a subject or a movement. He read much and widely, but not to weariness; he

caught at the thought of an author whom others thought tiresome, and had to exert themselves to read. He spoke to some man who was wearied of the details of his work, and his sympathy and knowledge of the spirit of that work often made that man think that he must be wearied too, whereas to him the subject was only new material for enthusiasm and strength. His power of combination has produced that strange fact that every one says of him, he was not this and was not that, he was not a theologian, he was not a poet, he was not an organizer, so that one who did not know him almost would wonder what he was. Distinctly his life was a protest against such a partition of the human faculties as the highest ideal of existence. He saw its value and necessity at times; sometimes he ex-

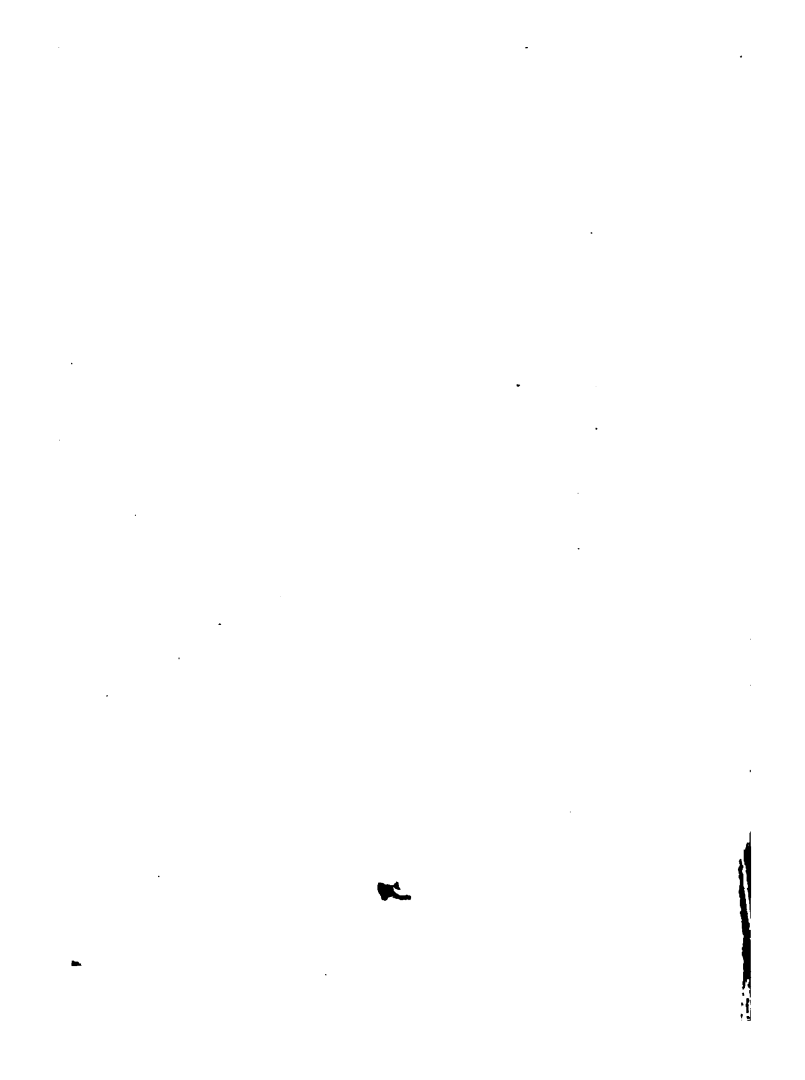
pressed an envy of the men who had embodied it in their action. But his plan and inspiration of life involved a better conception. Like Paul, he could say: "Covet earnestly the best gifts. And yet I show unto you a more excellent way." To his mind a chemist's shop was good, where all the substances needed for life stood labelled on their shelves, ready to supply deficiencies and to meet emergencies in the human system. But the living man who carried the substances in happy and healthy combination by the power he had received from God was better. And as such he ever impressed himself upon men and lived among them.

And so it was with his churchmanship. In that humiliating discussion of two years ago, when men said, show us your churchmanship, it was because of no mere

personal method of action that he was silent. He could not take the churchmanship out of his being and ministry and show it to men. It was like asking a man to show his heart, that men might see how brave he was. There was but one answer which he could make; it was that of his Master: "Why askest thou me? Ask them which heard me, what I have said unto them; behold, they know what I said." And they did know. Nowhere has such a conception of the Church's glory and true mission to testify for Christ in all His simplicity gained currency as among those to whom he ministered; nowhere has the Church of Christ appeared so attractive and Christ-like as in the community where he lived; nowhere have men sought it more eagerly than under his ministry. Every canon

of his Church he obeyed scrupulously. No man ever dared to hint otherwise. His belief in the present inspiration of the Church of Christ, as contrasted with that which confines it to the early centuries, was too great to allow him to do otherwise. That Church idea of the elect, the chosen of God, was so strong, so large, that he carried it to all men, and told them of the place that was waiting for them in the Father's house. Wherever that call was uttered, "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us that we should be called the sons of God," there was the essence, the power, and more or less of the outward form of the Church of Christ on earth. His own Church gave that call with a clearness and a simplicity, a breadth and a historical comprehension, a practical-



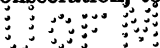


ness and an effectiveness of detail, which belonged to no other, and therefore he loved it, bore proudly its name upon him, and rejoiced that God had given him the glory of being a presbyter in the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America. Every detail of the name was dear to him, because it told of how in his Church God had brought the everlasting gospel of Jesus Christ near to the needs and the thoughts of these present times.

And that Church vindicated his love for it. We tremble even now to think how near it came to losing the chance of recognizing with its highest office its noblest and most loyal son. Willingly and joyfully he accepted the office of Bishop. He saw the possibilities of the highest office in the Church just because he appre-

ciated the true Church spirit as one which got nearer to humanity, and not farther away from it. When I remember how some men predicted and others feared that it would narrow him and shut him away from contact with others to be a Bishop, I seem to hear the repetition of those crude fears of the friends of boyhood that to be a clergyman meant the narrowing of his possibilities. He saw that the Church's mark of dignity and authority would bring him nearer to men, just as the water that rises highest is not that which is cut off from its source, but that which feels the joyous push of vigor from every other drop that springs on the mountain and flows in the valley. And so it has proved. He was the friend and companion of men who never would have known him, and who would have looked

upon him with distrust if he had not been their Bishop. He loved to meet them and to know what they were, and to let them feel what he was. As a Bishop he was nearer to all Massachusetts, which, as a State, he loved as every loyal son must love the old Bay State. His travels through the length and breadth of it on episcopal duties made him glow with a deeper love of its rugged and noble scenery. He was an authority in the great University even more after he was a made Bishop than he was as its preacher. He loved the great work, and did it joyfully and buoyantly, as he had done all his work, and it did not wear him out. (His door was open to all who came; and with the fear of seclusion that hedges in dignity, he said, on the afternoon of the day of his consecration, to



one of his clerical friends, "Don't desert me." As the personal power elevated him to the official dignity, the official dignity enlarged and deepened the personal power. What nobler, richer gift could the highest office in his Church's bestowal ask at his hand than that view of its best possibilities? What more fitting as the result of all his previous career?]

There remained one more work that he could do by the power of his great personality, consecrated to the service of Christ, as no other could, and God gave it to him to do it. He who had taught the power of life, the unity of life, the growth of life by word and deed and look, he was to carry the lesson beyond the grave. He passed up nearer to the Master, as he always had done, in the fullness of human strength and power, losing

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none of the past and present as another great future, the best and brightest, burst upon his gaze, as the great vision of God, which never had been a dream, became more than ever a reality. He who had said to men for more than thirty years, with glowing words and face, "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us that we should be called the sons of God," now, by his death, which seized the hearts of all even as his life had done, added, "We know that when He shall appear we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is."

A great life is the simplest thing in the world, God's gift direct from his own heart and hand, instinct with His power. You may tell its story, you may study its methods and motives, you may catch its inspiration, but you cannot analyze